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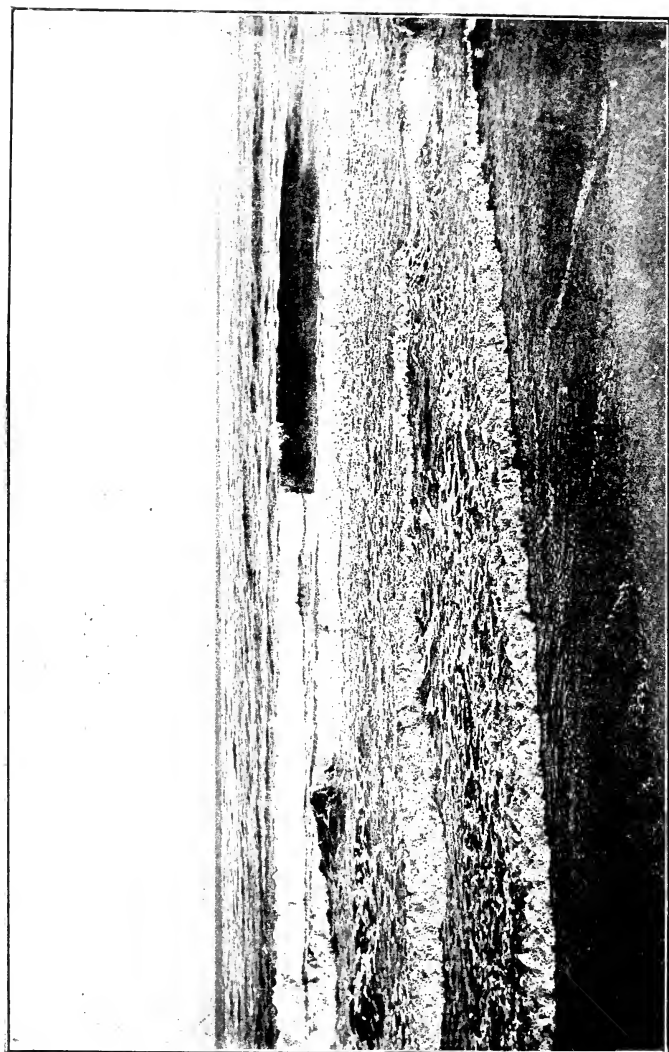


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# La Carpinteria



*Text by Elizabeth Antoinette Ward*

*Photographs by George Gilbert McLean*

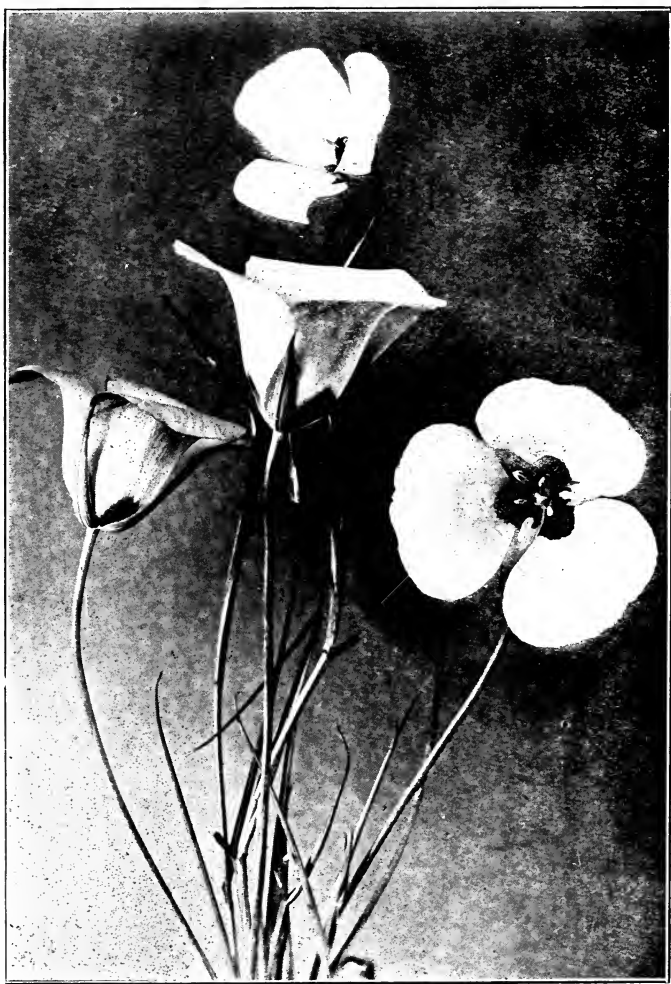
*Foreword by Stewart Edward White*

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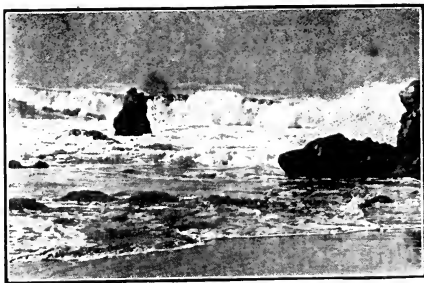
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Carpinteria, California

## FOREWORD

**T**HE very complete and able exposition by Miss Ward explains better than I could do it myself why we have come to Carpinteria. Nowhere in my experience, do mountain, sea, marshland and shore offer quite the combination they do here. The three-mile stretch of beach is in most places three or four hundred feet wide at low tide. At high tide, the breaking power of the wide flat and the half-mile bar outside pile up a truly imposing surf, even at times when the Santa Barbara beach is washed by the merest ripple. This large surf breaks far out and is unac-



accompanied by undertow. As a consequence, the bathing is most safe and at the same time most exciting. The Hawaiian sport of surf-board riding can here be enjoyed as nowhere else outside the Islands.

The marshes, from the view point of the dunes, offer a remarkable picture, especially with the spires and roofs of the village nestling in the trees, across their broad wastes. Here, too, the mountains rise more sheer and imminent than anywhere else along the coast; and the direction of their axis is peculiarly fortunate in the catching of cross-lights and shadows in their many canons.

But I think that from our point of view, probably the most remarkable advantage—aside from the beach—is the climate. One would naturally think that the sea-shore would be colder in cool weather and hotter in baking weather than more sheltered localities. The contrary is the case. On a hot summer day I found Santa Barbara's thermometers ten to fifteen degrees higher; while of a cold and foggy morning the sands and



the sea radiate enough stored heat to temper the chill.

It must always be remembered that a place is civilized, in the best meaning of the term, only in direct proportion to its public spirit, and very little according to its private enterprise. As long as private enterprise exists alone, that country is being pioneered merely. This is true even though the ranches and farms are well-cleared and well-cultivated; even though the private dwellings are substantial and in good taste. Only when men begin to reach out beyond their private concerns, which have in the beginnings quite justly occupied their whole attention, to plan work for the concerns of all does the community begin to draw together into a civilized unit. Thus, in a way, public works are a measure of private civilization.

The spirit of Carpinteria, a small community, seems in this respect admirable. The paving, planting and beautifying of Linden Avenue indicates a spirit far in advance of most places of the size. The projected plant-

ing along the county highway, the town hall, and the system of good roads, which, I understand, awaits only the solving of some legal difficulties, are all gratifying. With these good roads, and a tourist hotel to take advantage of the exceptional beach life, should come an era of intensified prosperity and pride.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE.



# La Carpinteria



# LA CARPINTERIA



**I** WAS ready to ransack even the islands of the sea to find a home," said a recent comer to the Carpinteria valley, "but when I reached here, I knew my quest was ended. This



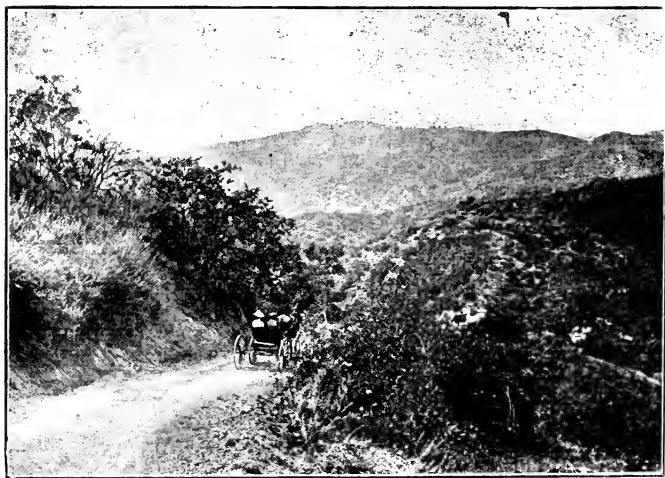
is the paradise where I shall spend the rest of my days."

This bit of Elysium, so opportunely discovered, lies at the extreme Southeast corner of Santa Barbara County in the Golden State, and holds a more than passing interest, both for the rarity of its setting, which



is its chief asset, and also for its connection with a part of the industrial development of Southern California.

Furnishing, as it does, the only highway along the coast at this point, it is a happy necessity to all travellers between Northern and Southern California, whether by rail or carriage. The Casitas Pass through the mountains is the only entrance from the east except the beach road, and as this can be used at present only at low tide, travel has been greatly facilitated now that the railroad company has completed the permanent wagon



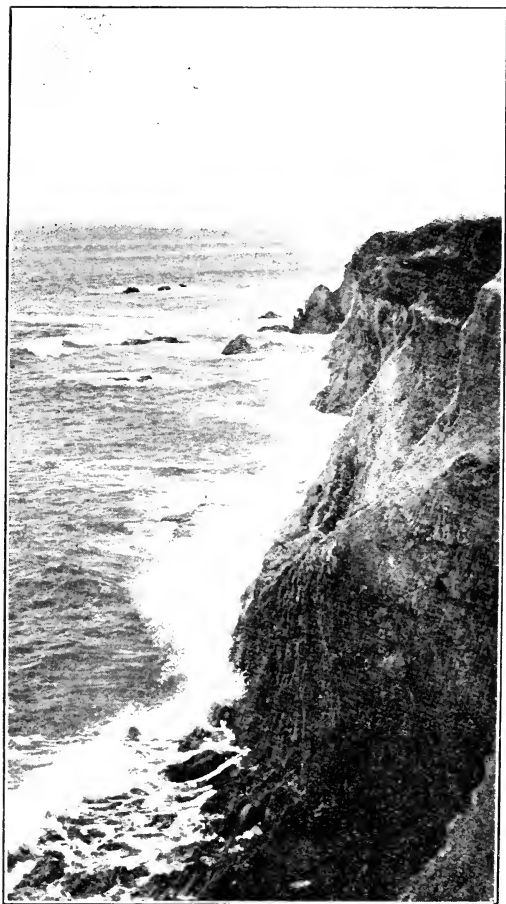
road which it built here in connection with its new breakwater and road-bed.

With the beach for its south border, it lies in the close embrace of an arm of the mountain on the north, not more than a mile and a half wide and about eight miles long. Grad-



ually rising hills from its western boundary, and a few miles further on lie Santa Barbara and its environs. At both east and west ends of the valley the railroad has been built with intrepid courage upon a bed that has been

hued  
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itous  
cliffs.



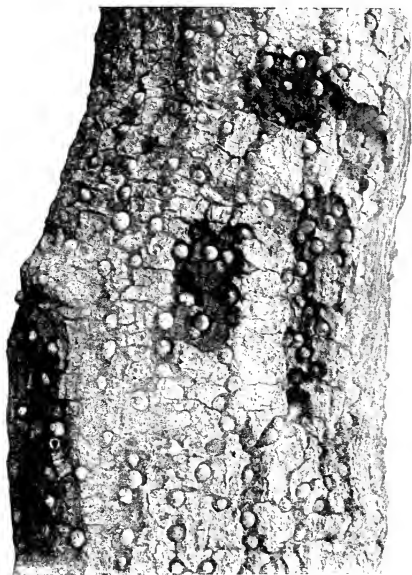






**L**A Carpinteria, or "The Carpenter Shop," presumably takes its name from the first carpenter shop built in this region by Mexican soldiers in the early part of last century. The story runs that some exceptionally fine timber was discovered along the bed of the valley creek, and here a log shelter was built where the Padres from the Santa Barbara Mission as well as the soldiers from the Presidio came twelve miles to fashion their ox-yokes and cart wheels and various other implements of every day use. The old shop still stands but it is so made over that the shades of the departed carpenters would probably never recognize it.

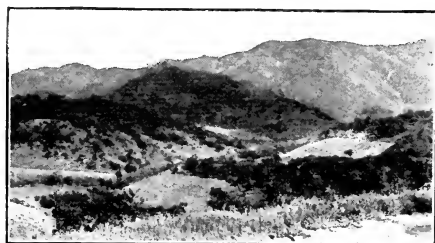
A more poetical interpretation of the name would make the whole valley a carpenter shop where myriads of “carpinteros” or woodpeckers hammered the summer through



as they ceaselessly fitted acorns into the bark of the live oaks that once grew here in a dense forest.



The unusual combination of mountains and ocean is the key to the beauty and attractiveness of the valley. Verdure, luxuriance, color are everywhere, all the time, turn your eyes where you will.



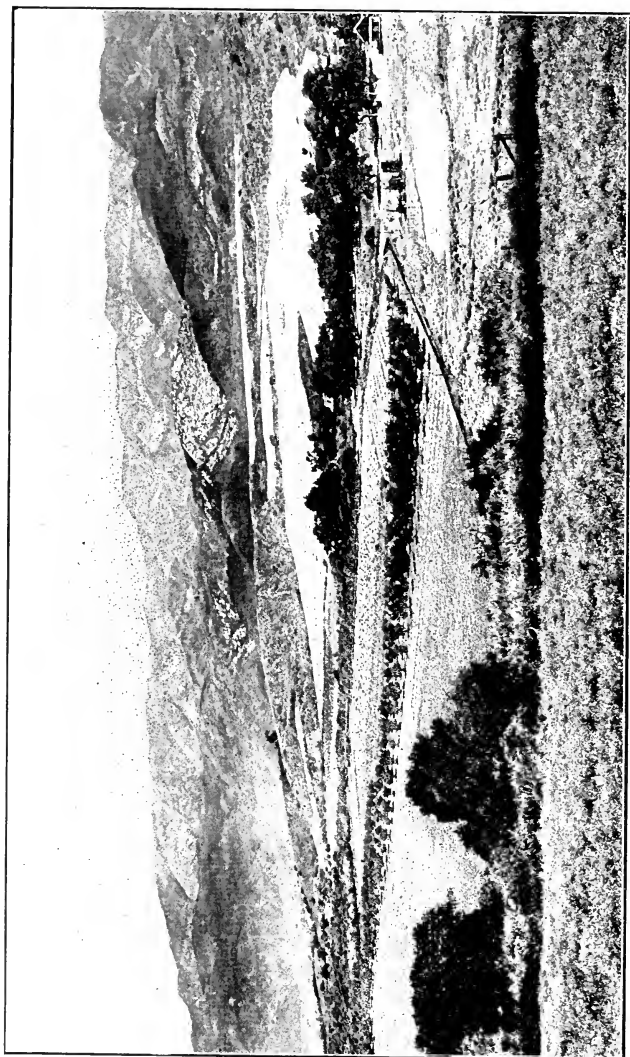
A slight shifting of the range of vision calls out an entirely new picture, and always the picture changes with the season of the



year, the hour of the day and the shifting mists and haze.

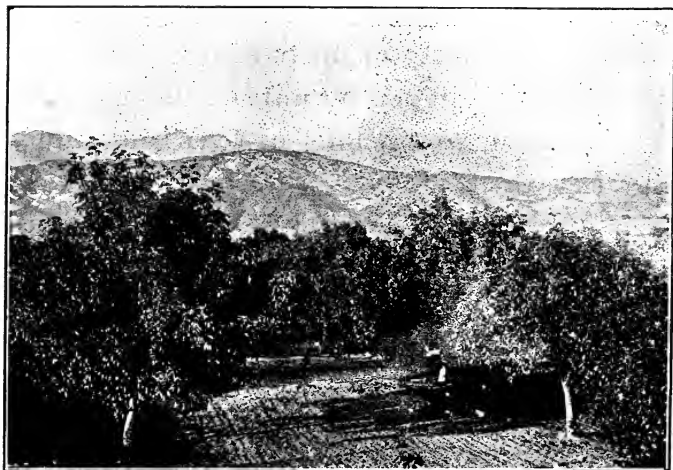


Entering from the beach road, one crosses the mouth of a little canon marking the eastern boundary and follows a tortuous way over its west wall.





At the summit, one instinctively stops to drink in the beauty of the panorama that discloses itself. Rugged mountains in the background rising to a height of over four thousand feet, then the lesser ridges softened with their dense covering of scrub oak and varied under-brush, and finally, the gently yielding foot-hills giving way to the valley and yet made part of it by the rich fields cultivated even into the little canons between their sides.



Plumy orchards of English walnut trees dot the entire valley, making amends to some degree for the magnificent live oaks sacrificed for them; and, carpeting the spaces between, are everywhere the riotous, tumbling, creeping bean vines that produce a large part of the wealth of the place.

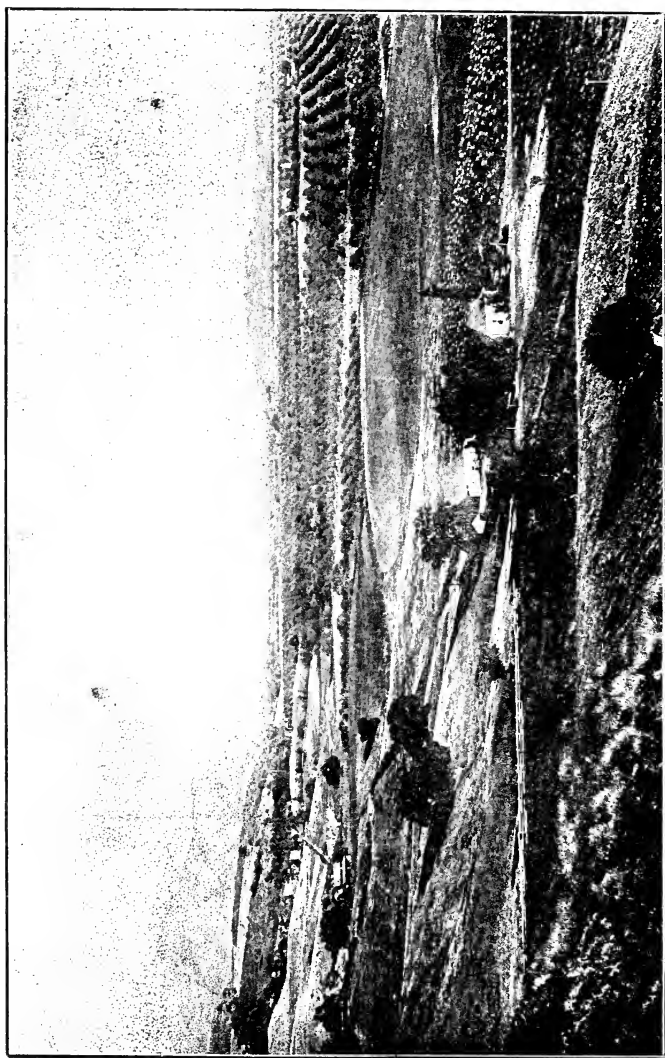


So much luxuriant green during the dry summer months is a perpetual rest to the eye and nerve and is perhaps responsible for the oft repeated exclamation of visitors to the valley: "How peaceful it all is, and how restful!"

Half hidden in the extreme background of the picture where the horizons of mountain and water meet, is Santa Barbara, plainly seen on a clear morning, and in a wide sweep at the left lies the blue Pacific. As if enough beauty were not already crowded into one landscape, the towering Santa Barbara Islands, three hours from the mainland and yet seeming only a few miles distant, add the last perfect touch.







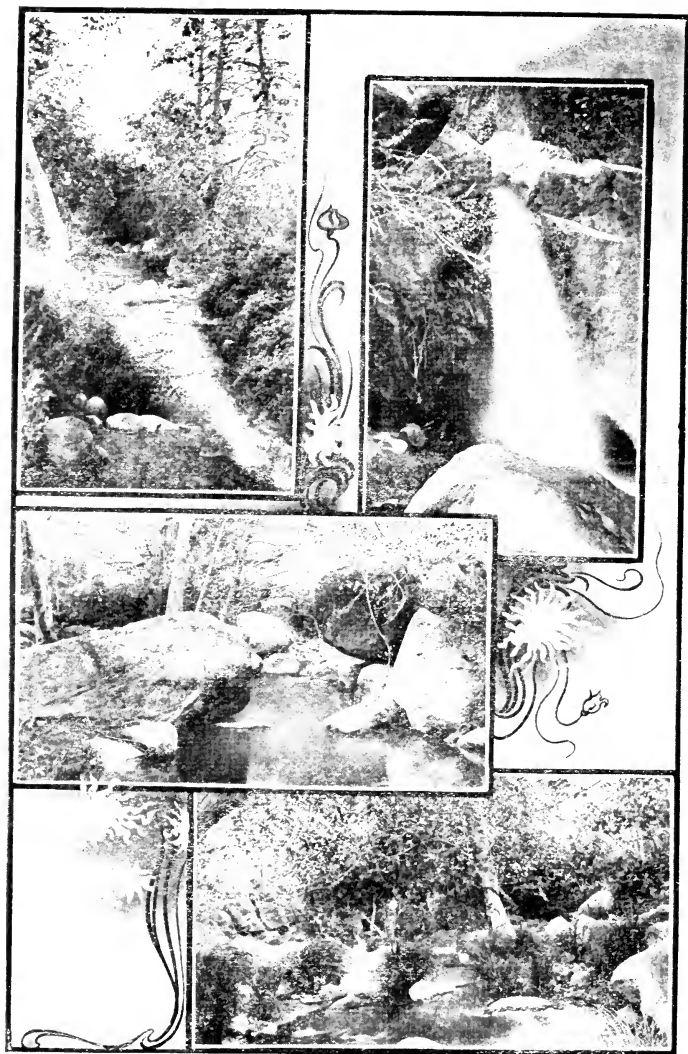
And this is only one picture. As one climbs the grade from the Casitas Pass, mountains and hills and a richly fertile arm of the valley greet the eye. If one wishes a view to rival the famed Bay of Naples, he has only to climb up the foothills on the north a few hundred feet to find it. Santa Barbara has grown nearer and the islands smile a benign greeting across the wonderful sapphire pavement of the channel.

Another view always pleasing is found looking east from the western end of the valley where a great rounded mountain stretches its ample proportions between the beach and the Pass, a magnificent sentinel appropriate to the treasure which it guards.





From here the valley assumes a more basin-like appearance, the village differentiates itself and the little outlying ranches become factors with a meaning, while the half green sand dunes and the irregular and foamy fringe of breakers equip the ocean with a new aspect and mark the individuality of the picture.



The various canons

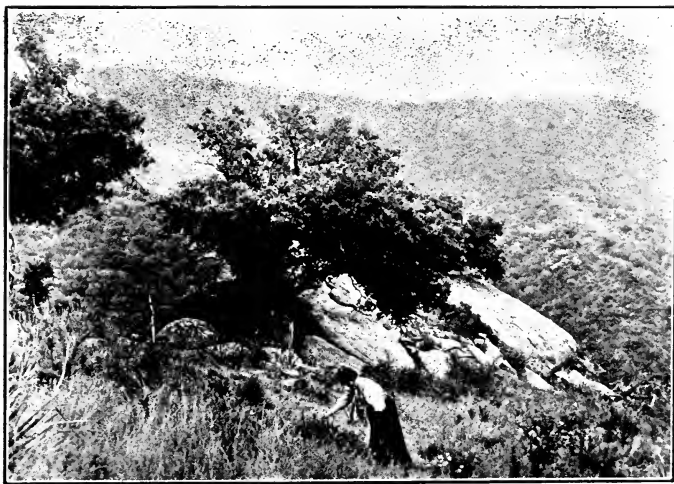


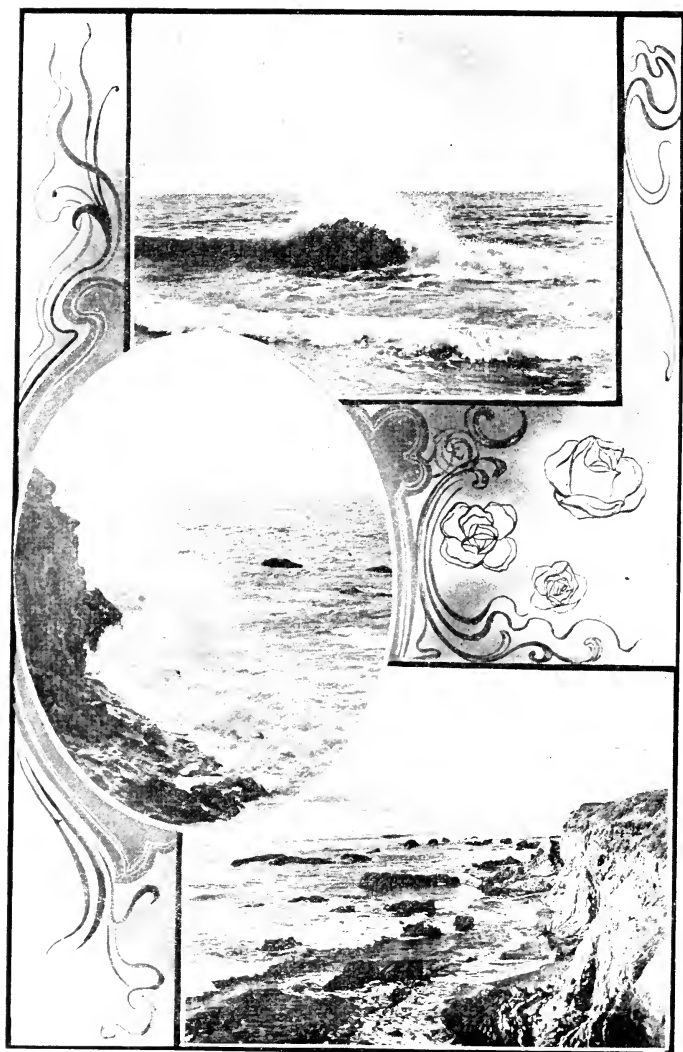
with their charming drives and picnic possibilities deserve a sketch by themselves, and not the least of their advantages is their perfect accessibility. A twenty minute drive will take one, for instance, to Franklin Canon



away from sordid cares

to the very heart of nature.



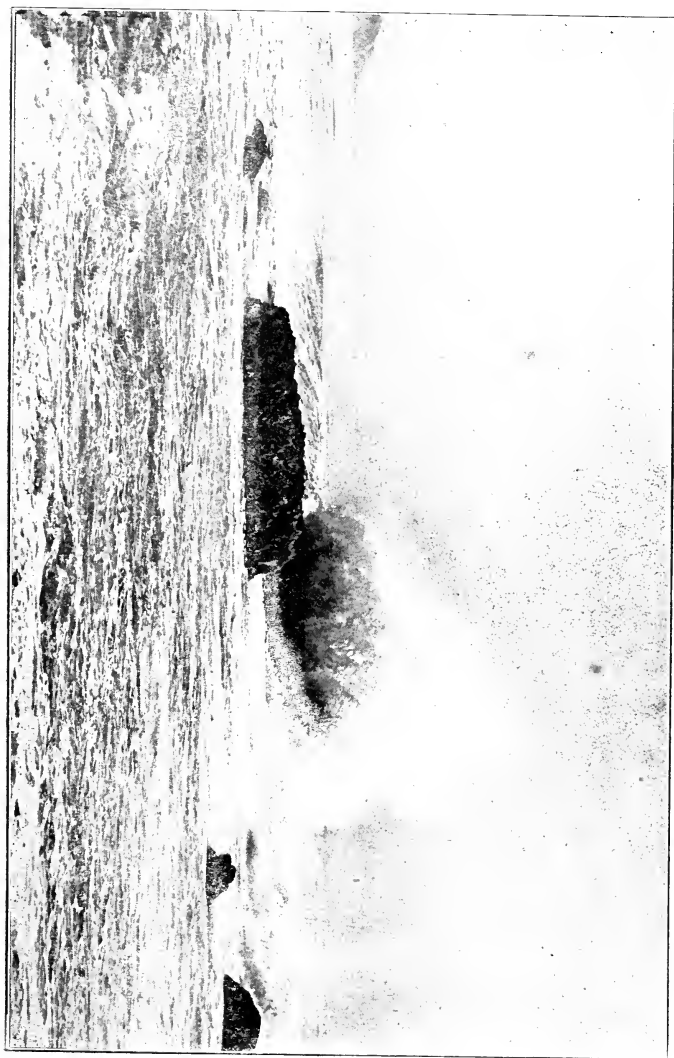


or, if the ocean is preferred,

the clean sandy stretches of beach lie even nearer. One can hardly wax too enthusiastic over this beach. If scenery is desired, it is impossible to get away from it. With the intervening valley cut off by the sand dunes, the impressive mountains seem almost to meet the sea, and the white curving shore-line offers all the delights of a beach drive for a distance of three miles or more. Where the dunes give way to cliffs at the east, the scene is varied by great masses of rocks where the spray from the broken waves is a continual beauty and delight.

It is the repeated testimony of visitors that there is no finer beach for bathing on the coast, and there is fishing the year round. Camping grounds are available at various points and the summer cottage has made its debut. It is an eloquent tribute to the resources of the beach that Mr. Stewart Edward White has chosen these dunes as a setting for his summer bungalow, where the ocean and islands are in the foreground and the mountains in equal beauty behind. A marshland with a creek running through it is near by and affords opportunity for rowing amid the rushes for hours without retracing one's tracks. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson also has purchased property along the beach.



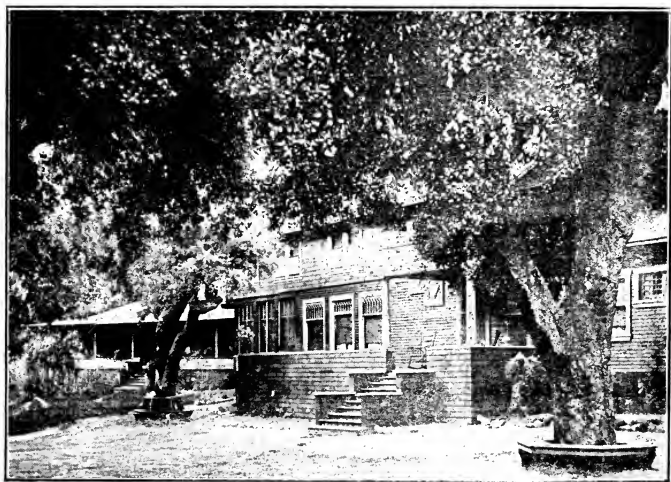


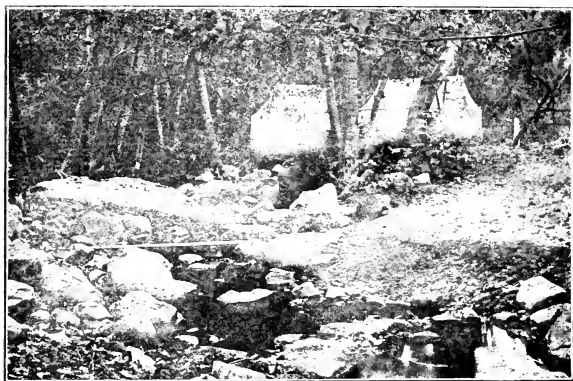


The tourist hotel does not exist at present, though inquiries for such a place are growing more frequent. A mountain resort, Shepard's Inn, at the mouth of the Pass has attracted visitors for a number of years;

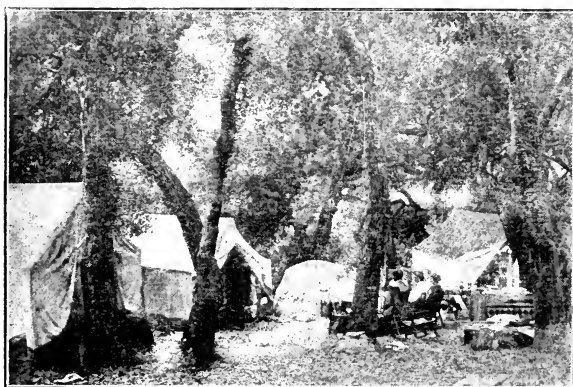


and recently another, Stanley Park, has been opened farther back in the hills where one may enjoy either camp or hotel life





beside a most idyllic mountain stream in the presence always of a cool ocean breeze.



Aside from the marshy tract already mentioned, the whole valley is composed of concentrated fertility, and every foot [of



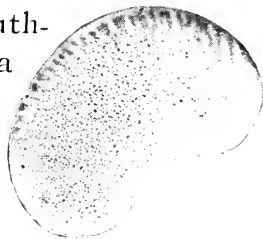
ground is under cultivation of the most vigorous sort. The natural moisture is thus conserved as far as possible] and irrigation is resorted to but very little. The two

principal industries have already been touched upon, the growing of English walnuts and various kinds of beans, and it is interesting to

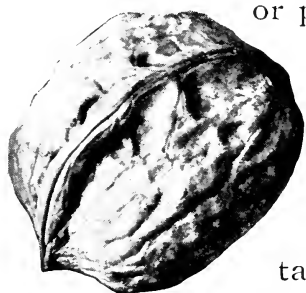


learn that it was in this little valley that they were first nurtured in Southern California

learn they

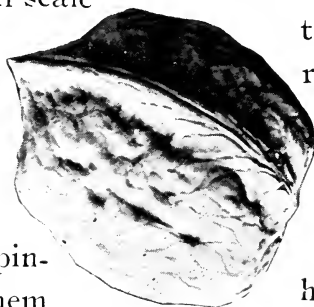


and from here they have extended all down the coast. The Lima bean is the variety principally grown and their great success is due to the fact that they can be produced without irrigation



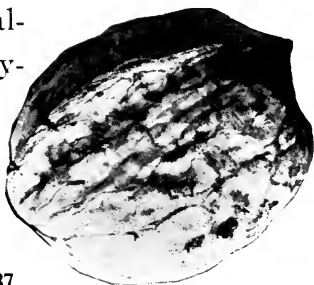
or poling and have a sufficiently long season to mature them. It is only within the last few years that the rest of Southern California has undertaken these industries on

a commercial scale of Carpin-  
heard to  
“They’re  
beans and  
south of us  
it took Carpin-  
to show them



and a proud son  
teria was  
remark:  
raising  
walnuts  
--yes--but  
teria folks  
how to do it.”

The yearly output of wal-  
nuts is about twenty-  
two car loads, and of  
beans, sixty car loads.  
Two large ware-

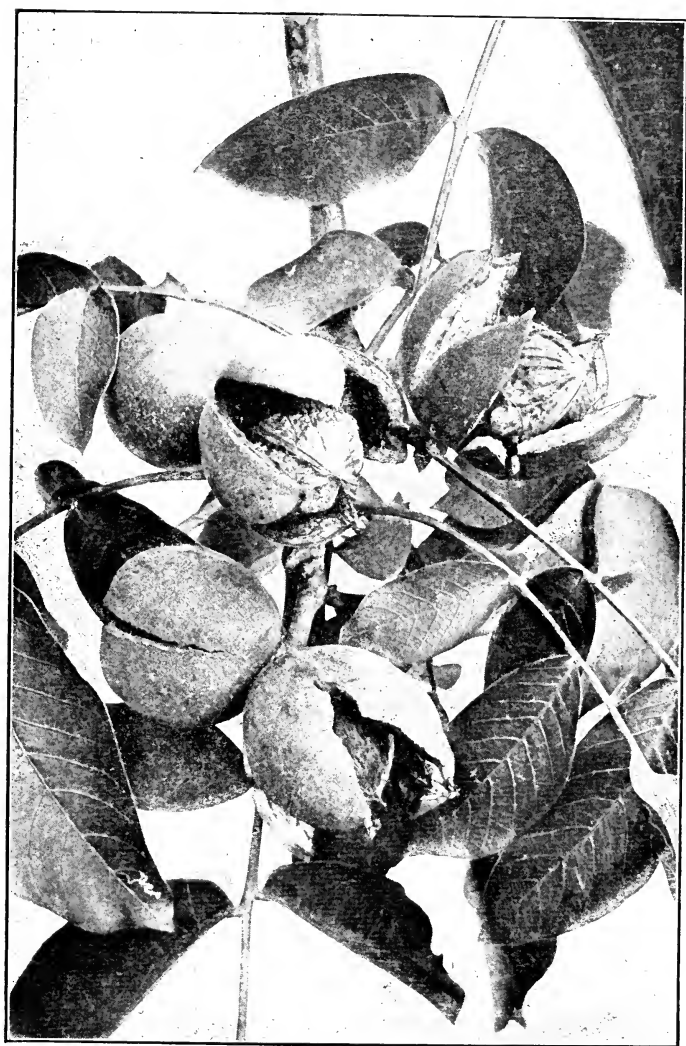


houses have been built recently to accommodate the increasing harvests. An interesting and marked feature of the bean industry is the growing of seed beans for eastern seedsmen, a very different matter from merely supplying the general market.



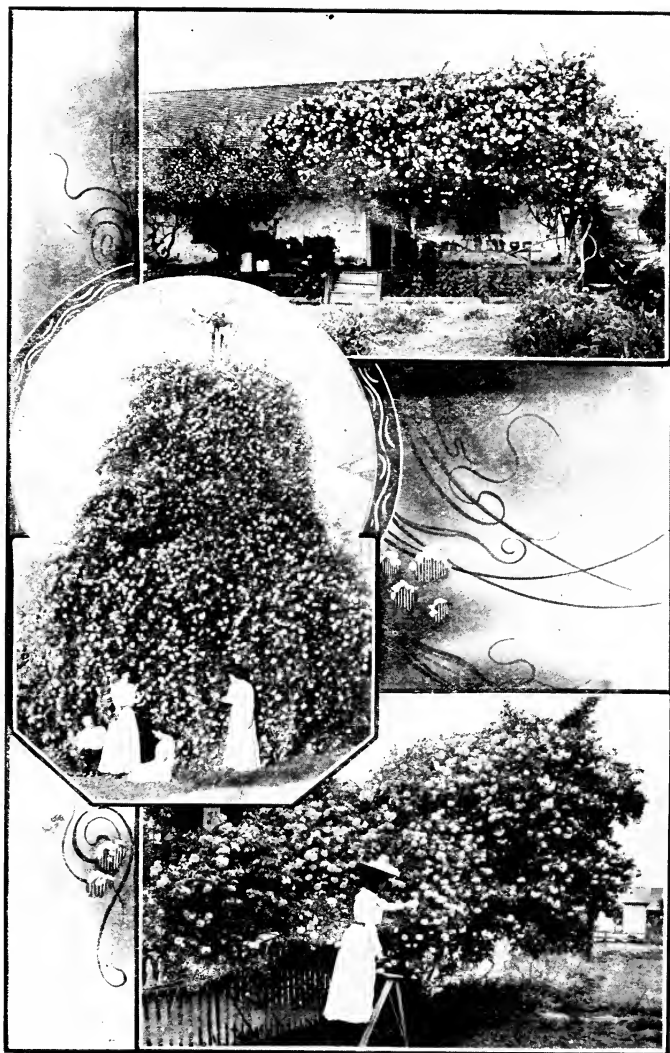
While beans and walnuts are the principal products of the valley, they are by no means the only ones. Lemons are very successfully grown with an annual average output of fifty car loads; olives are rapidly coming to the front as an important crop, the shipment last





year amounting to five carloads, and the dried fruit—apricots and prunes—for one season, fills four cars. Strawberries ripen the year round. In fact, nearly all plant life flourishes inevitably in the rich soil, humid atmosphere and a mean annual temperature of from sixty to sixty-five degrees.

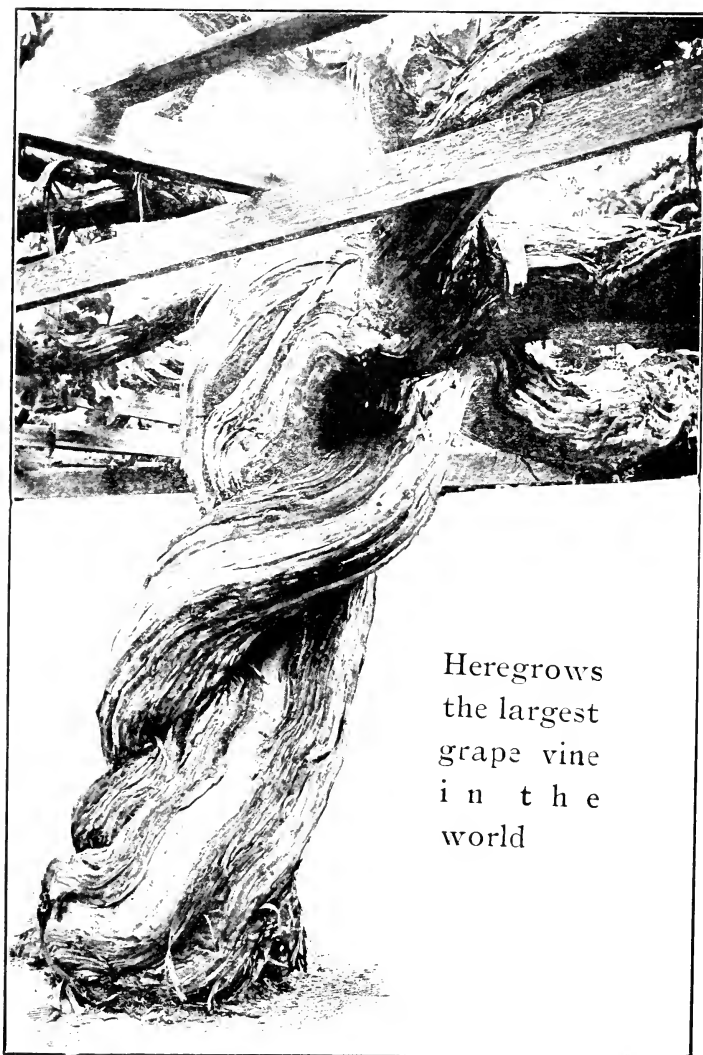
A soil that produces commercial products so luxuriantly is necessarily the exuberant mother of all sorts of riotous garden shrubbery; giant rose vines are a common sight, and geraniums and nasturtiums are glorious weeds.





A hundred or more species of beautiful wild flowers are everywhere on exposed hill-sides and on shady canon walls, full, fresh and vigorous in the genial climate.

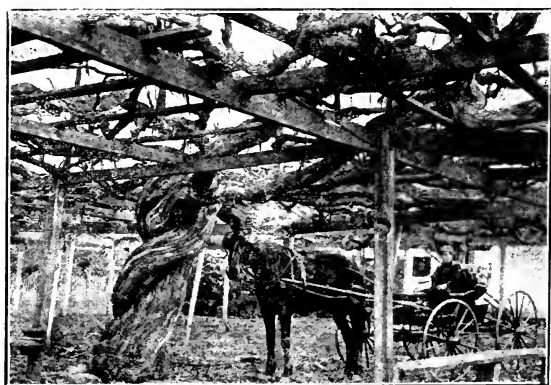




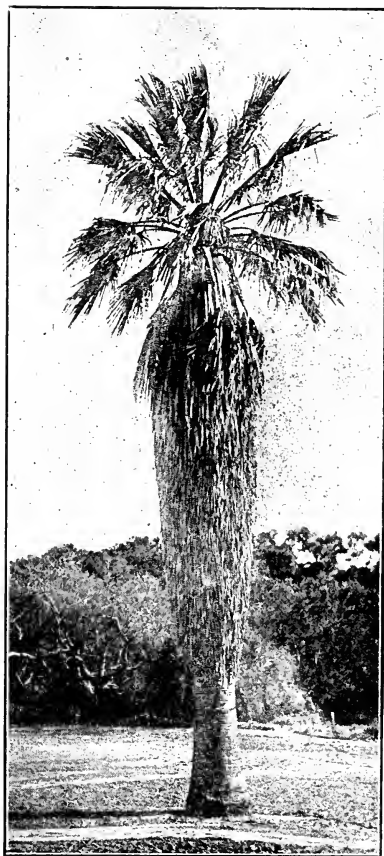
Here grows  
the largest  
grape vine  
in the  
world



measuring nine feet in circumference a foot from the ground. A trellis covering a quarter of an acre supports the branches that are respectable sized vines themselves, even at their extremity.



The people of the valley are rich in their contentment, with neither great wealth nor poverty, and the old ranches are undivided. Real estate does not change hands frequently, and he who would buy land and make himself a home in this little paradise may count himself fortunate if his powers of persuasion



prove successful in driving a trade. A good price is seldom any object. "Why should I sell?" is the query. "Where can I better invest my money?"



The beauty of the surroundings, the fertility of the soil and the irresistible delight of an even and semi-tropical climate inevitably cast their spell, and it is with mingled feelings that the old settlers watch the encroachments of the outside world upon the well ordered routine of their pastoral life.

ELIZABETH ANTOINETTE WARD.





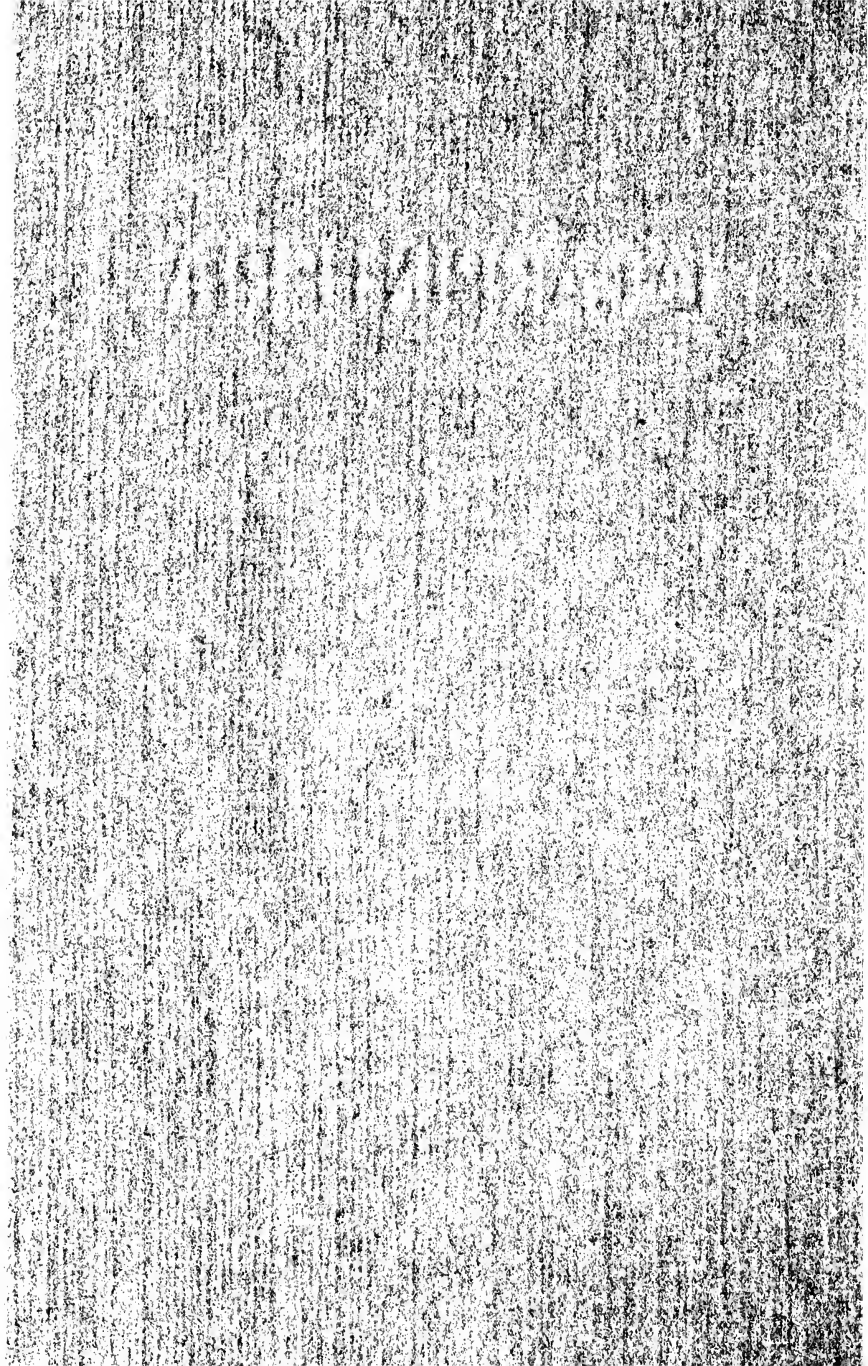






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# LA CARPINTERIA



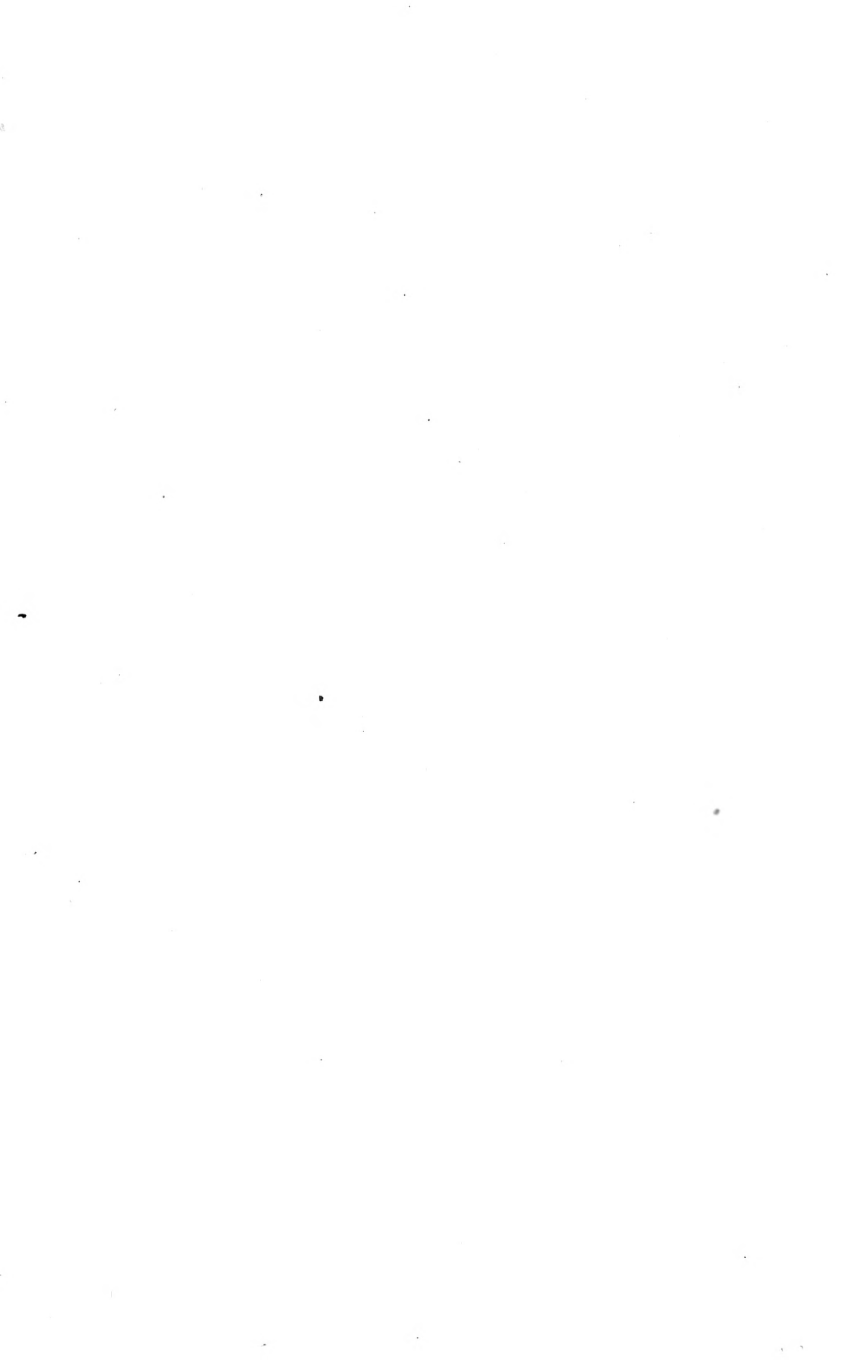












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